When Pavel left I considered his plan. It might work. Recently a prison in south Russia had been blown up similarly and the prisoners had been freed. It would be sheer madness, of course, for me to take part in this adventure, but I could help men fighting for their lives without joining in the break.

The next morning Pushkin, a young man with a dark face, tiny mustache, and hard, arrogant eyes, entered the ward. He inspected two or three patients, then sat down on my cot while testing the heart and lungs of the patient on the next one. Without turning his head he whispered to me, "Right-hand pocket." The turnkey stood at the door, looking in the other direction. I put my hand into the pocket of Pushkin's white uniform, felt a hard, heavy object, slipped it under my straw pillow, pulled the blanket over my head, and lay motionless, as if asleep.

This became a routine. Each day Pushkin would deliver a package. Half an hour later one of the Anarchists would pick it up. One morning, however, I got the package but nobody came to take it. The guards were searching the hospital, room by room. I thought of throwing the dynamite into the cell bucket. . . .

An old peasant, Nesterenko, whose cot was at the far end of the ward, came to me. Gray, unshaven, very taciturn, with sly narrow eyes, he made a laughingstock of himself in the ward by kneeling each night for a long prayer. Now he whispered, "Hot stuff in the pillow? Let's switch. They are too smart to suspect an old fool like me."

The search party came to our room. The guards went directly to my bed. They opened the pillow and my straw sack and examined them with the utmost care. Nesterenko sat on his cot, with all his belongings displayed for inspection—an old hat, a pair of puttees, an empty tobacco pouch, with tobacco spread over the pillow. The chief guard, Belokos, threw a contemptuous look at this display, touched the tobacco on the pillow, and proceeded to the next bed. When the guards left Nesterenko returned my pillow with the dynamite, grinning. "I told you how smart they are."

Before long Pavel came to tell me that the plan had to be given up. It conflicted with a project conceived by the criminal-politicals in Room 10. There were twenty-two of them, all threatened with the death sentence, and their cases were slated for the next session of the military court. They had planned to escape by blowing up the prison wall from inside and had obtained a small quantity of dynamite when they learned of the Anarchists' plans. The latter needed two weeks more to complete their preparations outside the prison when Room 10 was notified that the session of the military court would begin in three days. It was impossible to reconcile the